Monk Horne. Aug. 19th

I don't suppose this will reach you. If only by
Tyr of course, do come; Thank Esher for the
boys & the novel & the tragedy: &
if Harold would bathe - when he knows we made
the bells
I'm off to Chamberlain on a bicycle Evening to
Eat ~~goose~~ goose & send fire works up by the
pond. But that Eighth? Take care,
crossing the alps. But take over - Love from us.
Let me have a line by the way: & order your
breakfast for the 30th.

Monday

Your dear Kijinica is in bed— I painted in the garden the day she came, & ~~had~~ rather a long time sitting right — Leard carried me into the sitting room. Now and then in the hour unbroken is: However it went off, & I'm used to my dreary pain. It only my jumping heart that remains — only nerves; & the heat.

But look here — I was going to London with L. on Thursday. I doubt

if I shall be able to. Would there be a chance that you could come here for lunch & stay the night? I don't suppose so. But then he nice of you could; I would palliate my anxiety about his driving. I daresay I shall be all right then. Anyhow I want to see you — NYPL & 'other morning.

I do think you so nice & you are true.
What delicious pleasure
I shall listen in to you this evening. V.

Wednesday.
3 Sept
1930. Monks House

I have just with great reluctance vowed to Northcliffe
your coming. Oh damn — It seems to have
been some mild form of heat stroke & though I'm
Even so much better, the usual headache is
threatening & Leonard .... I think I would be
willing to drag you here when perhaps I couldn't
talk much. If I'm quiet now it'll go off.

What we suggest is that you would come on
Tuesday (as early as you can) & spend the
night & take us to Sissinghurst next day.
I shall be in robust health by then. Please do
this, & suggest another time — I do want to see you.
And write me a full account of Ivor over tea
with that Vampire. I fully expected it;
& hope this final. For my heart is hard for her.
But not for you.

No — I was nothing to do with you — my tumble
into the sea bath — Was sitting talking with
with the Keeper & then shaving then the
hot house. I say. I hope I haven't upset any of
you Klans. V. & L.

Oh & thanks for the Shelley pictures: I'm sentimental about them.

Munden House,
Monday Sept 22nd

Doran is a vulgar brute to be sure, & about as inaccurate as he can be. But it was snatched from me by Mogan Forbes, whose friend, the blind Frenchman, is translating Orlando. & wants a paragraph for the French papers about you.

So many people, one way & another. Can hardly settle to anything. & think on the whole Tavistock Sq. is a hermitage compared with

Rodwell. Morgan F. says "will you ask me to meet
Vita 2. (") say yes - so be ready.
I go up for the day to-morrow, to interview cooks.
Only they is not cooks, but Cordis of Semi-royal
birth ( ) mean Rivelt-Carnac; but you know
nothing of the aristocracy of India): & the wants
£1. a week: also the Miss Abbotsons. But how
does one know the points of Cooks & ys from their faces?
And when shall I see you?

NYPL

&c &c. &c.

Please write & say yes
Stell, in spite of Ethel, feel for me a reflected regard

V.

Monks House, Wednesday.

We think it would be fun to go and see the Barretts of Wimpole Street on Monday. Would you come and dine with us first, and come to tea before that. And would Boski be such an angel as to telephone for tickets? Perhaps there are none - anyhow she is on command of wits and telephone--more than I am. Off to lucnh with Sir George and shall refer delicately to our past. V.

North House

Sunday. 8 Sept 1933

Yes, dearest Creature, that will be great
fun, & you will come on Tuesday,
& don't bother very late after lunch.
The dress has taken rather a lot of
making off - dear old Ethel Smyth
descended in the middle - but I've been
for a little walk today & done what
paces for boating - I mean correcting a
Damnable article on Hazlitt. (We
never went to Maidstone, after all)
So I shall be practically recovered
on Tuesday & will be a Remembrancer
Jolt & Jerk & Excitement, but she
Some salutary Kind, & have you to
talk to. What a love — a fortnight's
hole knocked in the summer.
I Dont pity that old termagant —

against me Lr? — from mother I mean. How if the sun struck
Leonard on his head & left me £9,000 a year the
richer I should think all the better a God.
Why choose me a Potto, who have nothing to leave?
If ever He strikes me that Heavenly a ~~thunder~~
blundering affair. — clumsy last belief.

I am lying in my dormitory room, looking out
at the apples. Leonard — what an aged
he has been, carrying me in here, fetching
Chamberlain's, running about with trays &
medicine — Leonard is grafting or
pruning — which is it? — perhaps neither —
then goes to dine with the Keynes,
where Maynard will read a memoir of his'
dead life, & Molly will sit more set
& rubbed about something. The
stones have stayed with us.

What about your novel a few hours?
I ask in no idle curiosity; I look & when
you turn as the wooly headwinner, June, this
more I may certain that my novel must
will in Even a penny bun.

D H.